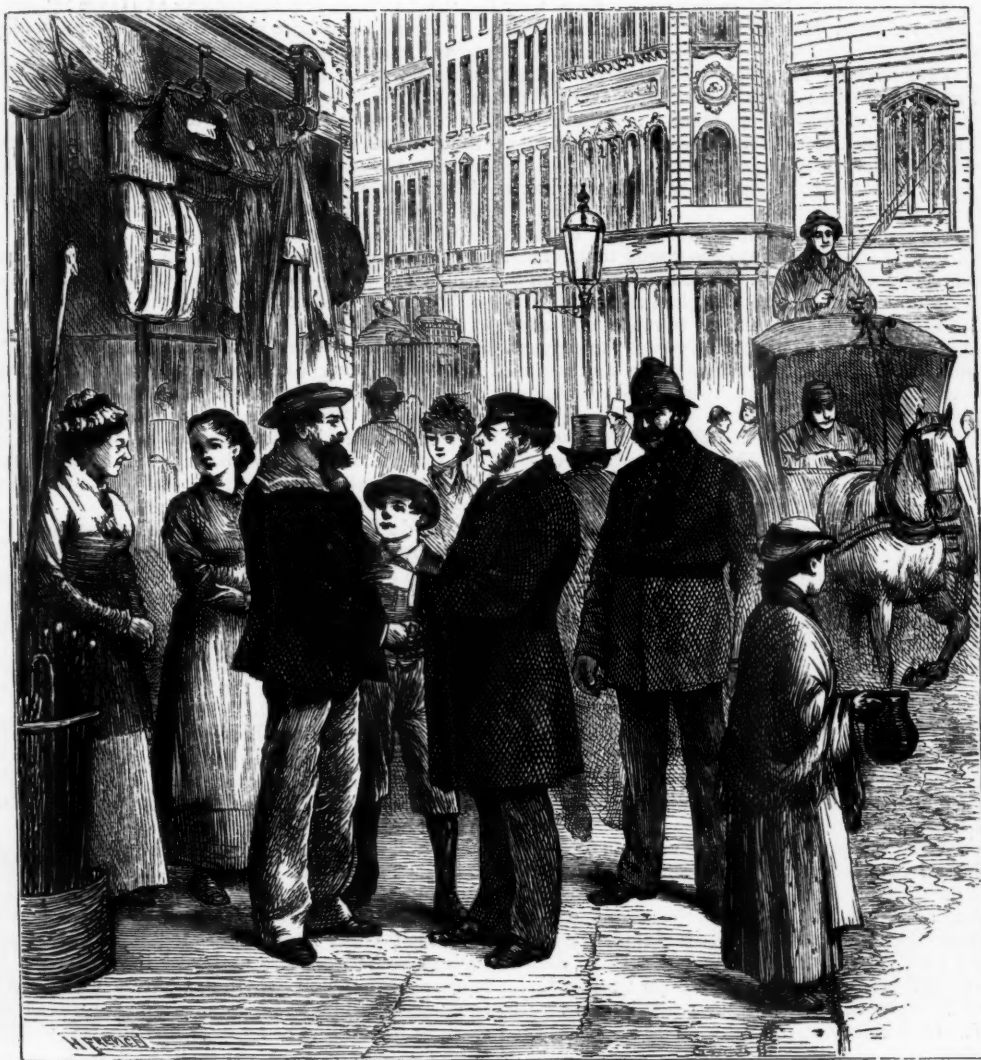


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



CAN IT BE CHARLEY?

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER XLII.—A GHOST.

"Oh, dream of joy? Is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?"—*Coleridge.*

CAPTAIN CHUBB and his young companion
had reached Fenchurch Street near the station
No. 1379.—JUNE 1, 1878.

of the Blackwall Railway, when the former felt a sudden tug at his arm.

"Look! look!" cried Reggie at the same moment in a piercing tone, loud enough to attract attention not only from the skipper but also from one or two strangers who happened to be near. "Quick!" he exclaimed again, "round that corner; didn't you see?" And darting off at full speed, elbowing his way unceremoniously among the passengers, he was lost to sight in an instant. Captain Chubb followed

PRICE ONE PENNY.

more slowly, and before he got to the corner of the next street he noticed two or three people stopping and looking down it as if much interested or amused.

When he reached the spot, there was the commodore hanging round the neck of a man in a sailor's jacket, and the man had got hold of the boy with his arm round his waist, and was clasping him tightly to his breast. By the time the captain got up to them they were trying to speak, but uttering only broken words, half laughing, half crying; and then they stood apart a little, just at arm's length, to look at each other.

A brown, swarthy face, half concealed by a dark beard and moustache; large bright blue eyes; hair long and wavy, approaching almost to ringlets; a slight figure, but disguised by loose sailor garments, ill-fitting and shapeless.

"Here, here!" cried Reggie; "don't you know him? Charley! Charley!"

He could not utter another word, and Captain Chubb, after a hasty look into the young man's face, was scarcely less overcome. A crowd had begun to collect around them before they had sufficiently recovered themselves to speak, or to move on, as an apathetic policeman was beginning already to suggest. They got out of the way then somewhere, and mutual exclamations, inquiries, and answers were exchanged more freely.

"Why, my dear lad," cried the captain, shaking him by the hand for the tenth time already, "where have you been? Where have you dropped from?"

"Tell me first about my mother," said the young man; "have you seen her? do you know anything about her?"

The captain was able to answer all inquiries about his home satisfactorily; and the young man's emotion and thankfulness at hearing so good an account of all who were dear to him may be imagined but cannot be described.

"Let me alone for a minute or two," he said, laying his head upon his hands on the table near which he had sat down in the back room of a coffee-house. They sat by in silence for some minutes, till he recovered himself a little; and then in a quieter and more subdued manner the questioning on either side began again.

"We had given you up, Charley, my lad; I believe everybody had given you up for lost, though we were loth to own it."

"You always said you hoped he would return, you know, Captain Chubb," said Reginald.

"Did I? Well, I tried to hope it. But I didn't know until this moment how little hope I really had. I never thought to have seen your face again, that's certain. God bless you, my lad. And how about the rest?"

"All that were in the boat with me were rescued."

"All! all!" cried the captain. "That's grand; that's news indeed. Not a man lost in such a fearful catastrophe! Who could have hoped it?" The captain clasped his hands together and looked upwards. For a moment he forgot where he was; forgot everything but the mercy which had wrought such a wonderful deliverance for him and all his crew. He was thinking of the angel which stood by St. Paul and of the words which he spake "There shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. . . God hath given thee all them that sail

with thee." Mrs. Carlton had read to him from her journal what Reggie had said about the angel whom he thought he saw, in his wanderings, in the boat. "It was no wandering," the captain thought to himself; but whether it was or not, he had the same cause for thankfulness.

"Where have you come from now?" he asked, presently.

"I have but just landed from a steamer from Havre."

"What have you been doing at Havre?"

"I was put ashore there the day before yesterday by a French ship in which I took passage."

"And where have you been ever since we parted company that fearful night?"

"Half over the world, I think; seal-fishing; and then round the Horn. We were two days at sea in the boat, but were picked up by an American ship. After that we had fearful weather; and—and—but I'll tell you all about it another time."

"And where are the others?"

"Some of them were put on board another ship which spoke us short of hands. Jack Salter is the only man who came home with me."

"Jack! Where's Jack?" cried the commodore.

"Gone to see his old mother," said Charley; "he has been talking about her incessantly. His mother and my mother have been a great tie between us. He is never tired of the coincidence, as he calls it (it's one of Jack's long words), that we should both have mothers living and be so anxious about them. We parted at the Quay. I know where to find him by-and-by."

"So do I," said Reggie, "if he's gone home."

"How did you know?"

"I've been to see his mother two or three times, and to take her things from Miss Goldie."

"Miss Goldie!" Charley exclaimed, but in a hesitating way, as if he had not intended it.

"Yes; you know her, don't you? She is always asking about you, and the ship, and everybody who was on board; and I told her about Jack; and Mr. Goldie told her about Jack's mother coming to Lombardy Court to know if anything had been heard, and Miss Goldie has been to see her herself. Willow Grove, that's where she lives, though it's not like a grove at all."

"Yes," said Charley, "that's the place;" and putting his arm round the commodore's neck, he gave him an affectionate hug, which the boy took as a token of his personal attachment to him, and as the earnest of many happy hours together in the future, such as he had enjoyed on board the *Daphne*. But it may be doubted whether Charley was thinking exclusively of him at the moment, for he was looking straight before him at nothing, and his face was even more flushed and animated than before.

"How was it you never wrote?" said the captain, interrupting his reverie.

"I never had an opportunity. If I had been able to send a letter I should have come myself instead. The ship which rescued us was a sailing vessel engaged in the fisheries, and for months we never had a chance of going ashore or sending letters home. But come, I must go and look for John at the counting-house—I suppose I shall find him there? and then home, like Jack, to my mother. Home! how strange it sounds. And yet we have been talking of it every day, Jack and I. And how strange everything seems! The noise and bustle of

the streets; the houses so close and dark; the smoke and the mud; and, above all, the faces, taking no notice of me, though I cannot help staring at them, as they come and go; and the sound of the good old English tongue spoken by everybody. But the children! oh, the children! they surprise and delight me most of all. There seem to be no children abroad like ours. And to hear their voices speaking English! Is it not wonderful? It is worth some suffering and hardship, this strange, inexpressible joy that I now feel. You know what it is, Captain Chubb, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, my lad, I know. I know what feelings are. Give way as much as you like; never heed me. But we must mind what we are about with other people. It will have to be broken gently to your mother, and to John. John will be as much upset at first as anybody. I don't believe that either of them expected ever to set eyes on you again, any more than I did, if they would have spoken their mind about it; and they have been in great trouble, John as well as she. It's a providence they were neither of them with us when the commodore spied you out. How he knew you is a wonder. You are so altered, with all that hair about your face, and so changed altogether from the slender, pale-faced lad that came on board the *Daphne* in the Docks that day to look at the berth. Do you remember? I don't think I should have known you myself, but Reggie did. He's as sharp as needles, that boy. I never knew his equal."

Talking thus they made their way to Lombardy Court, and Charley read the legend over the dingy entry—"No thoroughfare"—with as much pleasure as if it had been a joyous welcome upon an arch of evergreens.

"Stop here a minute," said the skipper; "I'll go first and see your brether. He has been like one distracted, they tell me, since they gave you up. Don't you come in till I give the signal."

Mounting the stairs, Captain Chubb knocked with impatient hand at John Peterson's door, and opened it at the same moment.

"Come in, Captain Chubb," said Peterson, "I am very glad to see you here."

"To see me!" cried the skipper.

"Yes; I was afraid you had turned your back upon the Court altogether."

Captain Chubb had expressed his intention never to enter the counting-house again unless he was "made all right," as he called it, with the firm; but he had forgotten this in his excitement about Charley, and was a little taken aback at being reminded of it.

"Never mind about me!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause. "Glad to see me, indeed! Would you be glad to see—a stranger? That's the question. Are you busy?" said the captain; "have you time to see a stranger?"

"Who is it?" John asked.

"A ghost," said the captain. "Did you ever see a ghost, John Peterson? Would you like to see one now? There's a ghost downstairs, I tell you; shall I call him up?"

The skipper was getting excited, and John Peterson was looking at him amazed, but without understanding him in the least.

"A ghost, Captain Chubb!" he said.

"Yes; did you never see a ghost? Well, you'll start out of your skin with joy and gladness when you see this one."

John Peterson was still obtuse, and the captain grew impatient. He looked so hot and earnest that John saw he was not altogether joking; and then the truth flashed upon him: he read it in the skipper's look and manner; he began to shake and tremble, and, in his haste to reach the door and satisfy himself, stumbled, and would have fallen had not the captain caught him.

"Steady," he said; "it's all right—right at last! Here, Charley!"

The next moment the brothers were face to face, and then locked in each other's arms, embracing, hugging, and kissing as they had never done since they were little children together in their nursery. Those who had not known the secret workings of John Peterson's heart during the past twelve months would never have given him credit for the depth of feeling which he now evinced. He was far more affected than his brother, and seemed for a time unable to master or control his emotion. The news spread quickly through the office, and Mr. Goldie and old Jones came in to see for themselves. All reserve was broken down; everybody was shaking hands with everybody else, and patting each other upon the back and uttering short phrases of wonder and congratulation.

"A ghost, indeed," said Mr. Jones. "Did he say you were a ghost, my dear, dear Mr. Charley? A very substantial ghost, don't you think so, Mr. Goldie? Why, I never saw such a ghost in my life, of all the ghosts I ever saw. Did you, Mr. Goldie?"

"No, never," Mr. Goldie answered, in his matter-of-fact way, and the clerks echoed the sentiment. They might well say so. A fine, well-grown, healthy-looking young man as any one could wish to look upon. No traces left of the uncertain health and feeble constitution which had marked his features before he went abroad. Shipwreck and peril and hardship had agreed with him, some one remarked. But at the word hardship John Peterson clasped his brother's hand again more firmly and affectionately than before, and his eyes were filled afresh with tears.

They did not tarry long at Lombardy Court, for they were eager to get home. When they were gone Mr. Jones went into Mr. Goldie's room, and sat there for a long time talking with him, and there was very little more work done that day upstairs or down.

"I wonder, though, what's become of Mr. Adolphus?" said Jones, as he was going downstairs. "I don't remember seeing him; perhaps he was out."

He looked into Mr. Peterson's room, and passed through it to the little room beyond. There was Mr. Adolphus sitting in the tank with his elbows on the table, lost apparently in thought. He looked up at Mr. Jones with a face so pale and sad that one might have supposed that he had seen a ghost indeed.

"Have you heard the news?" Mr. Jones asked.

"Have you seen Mr. Charles?"

"Yes; I have seen him."

"Isn't it a wonderful and a delightful thing his coming back after all, when nobody expected him?"

"Very delightful," said Mr. Adolphus, gloomily.

"Wasn't it affecting?" said Mr. Jones, again.

"Oh, very."

"Are not you well, Mr. Adolphus?"

"Oh yes; thank you."

"Mr. Goldie is so pleased; I really thought it

would have made him ill at first, it seemed to affect him so. But he's better now, and so glad; we are all so glad. An't you glad, Mr. Adolphus, that Mr. Charles is come back again safe and sound, and looking so well?"

"Yes," said Mr. Adolphus; "I am glad—glad for his mother's sake, of course, don't you know, as much as for his own."

CHAPTER XLIII.—SAFE AND SOUND.

"And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy w' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet."—*Mickle.*

CAPTAIN CHUBB thought he had managed matters so cleverly in Lombardy Court that it would be desirable, if not necessary, for him to accompany the two Petersons to Vernon Place, and undertake the yet more delicate duty of breaking the news of Charley's return to his mother. He reckoned upon Sally to assist him there. Sally and he had always been firm allies since the day when she shook hands with him at the dinner-table, and Sally, he had heard, was the only one who had maintained, in spite of all discouragements, that her dear friend Charley was alive, and would return. There was Mrs. Carlton, too: her help would be available if required; but he counted more on Sally, because she would open the door for him, and he would be able to have a word with her before anybody else could know that he was come. He called at a chemist's on his way, and bought a small bottle of *sal volatile*, for his own medicine-chests were not available, both of them being at the bottom of the sea somewhere. He was afraid about Mrs. Peterson as he approached her house, and began to wish that he had not undertaken the delicate responsibility with which he had charged himself. She was not a strong-minded woman in his estimation, and he might get into trouble if he was not very careful.

They all went in a cab together, and drew up at a convenient distance from Mrs. Peterson's house, and then the captain alighted, and they went on alone. To his discomfiture, Mrs. Peterson herself saw him coming, and opened the door for him.

"Well, Captain Chubb," she began, "you *are* a stranger. I am glad to see you at last. I thought you had quite forsaken us. I sent you a message by Reggie; but—but where is Reggie?"

"Reggie?" said the captain, thrown off his guard—"Reggie is in the cab."

"What cab? What has happened?" Mrs. Peterson had evidently jumped to the conclusion that Reginald Carlton had been run over or had met with some other catastrophe, and that the captain had brought him home disabled, and her first thought was of his mother, and what a shock it would be for her. "What cab?" she cried again; "and what's the matter with him? What has happened?"

"Nothing," said the captain; "don't be alarmed; compose yourself." He had read that last formula in a book somewhere, and thought it a very good prescription if only Mrs. Peterson would adopt it.

"You frighten me," Captain Chubb. "What has happened? Tell me at once."

"Nothing but good, my dear madam—nothing but good. Compose yourself! Where is Sarah?"

"What do you mean? What—what—what is it?" She was hastening towards the door as she spoke; she knew and felt now that something un-

usual had occurred, and her thoughts flew at once, as they always did, to Charley. The captain had looked a little anxious and nervous at first, but now he was elated and smiling. There was good news for her, she thought; he would never look like that to disappoint her afterwards; he was too careful of everybody's feelings to do so; and yet she dared not ask. Some one was come to tell her something about Charley, that was her conviction now.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" she prayed. "Where is the cab? I will go to it."

The captain felt that he had bungled; but what could he do? He beckoned to the cab, and Charles Peterson sprang out of it.

Yes, it was a sailor; one of the crew, Mrs. Peterson thought. He had brought her tidings—tidings of her son! Her breath failed her. She watched him hastening towards her; she blessed him already in her heart. News! news of Charley! But that form! that step! Ah, she knew him now, spite of his disguise. "Oh, Charley! Charley!"

He sprang forward just in time to catch her in his arms as she was falling. Sally appeared upon the scene the next moment. Captain Chubb had called her, and resigned his commission into her hands. Mrs. Carlton, too, came to the front, and the captain gave her his little bottle, and made signs to her what he would have her do with it, and stood looking on anxiously until Mrs. Peterson "came to." He had bungled sadly this time, he said to himself, and would have run off to fetch a doctor; but no such help was needed. In a very few minutes Mrs. Peterson revived, and they all left her with her head nestling in her son's bosom, and went and sat upstairs in Mrs. Carlton's room till they should be wanted.

A very happy evening they spent together afterwards, and many were the questions asked on either side. The captain went out and took a turn, and was the only one who did not seem to be at his ease. In the midst of all this quiet happiness he was dull and moody. He who had been used to keep them all in good spirits by his own genial humour now seemed to hold aloof and to be unable to participate in their joy. He came in again presently to say good-bye before going back to Tower Hill; but they would not let him depart, and though he yielded so far as to give up his hat to Reggie, who ran away with it immediately and hid it, he sat down amongst them in silence, and took very little part in their conversation.

"We are going to-morrow to see Jack," said Reggie to the captain. "I like Jack Salter, and his mother's a nice old woman. I want to hear what she says about having Jack at home with her after thinking he was dead. I wonder who broke the news to her, and whether he took a bottle in his pocket as you did, Captain Chubb."

"Jack would tell her himself, I dare say," said Charley. "He would not have patience to get anybody else to do it, and would not know that she had given him up for lost. When he left me he was going off in a Hansom cab as quickly as the man could drive. We will go and see them to-morrow."

"Miss Goldie will go too, as soon as ever she hears that Jack is come back," said Reggie. "She likes Jack's mother."

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterson, looking at her son significantly, "I know all about that. Amy took a wonderful interest in all who had anything to do with

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the Daphne, and, especially after Captain Chubb's return, she wanted to know all about everybody that was in the jolly-boat. Oh, Charley, I couldn't bear to hear that word 'jolly,' especially the way the young people use it; it seemed so shocking. I dare say it was foolish of me, but it put such miserable thoughts into my head; and to see people laugh and chuckle about things being 'jolly,' and then to think of you and others in the jolly-boat!"

"And did Amy—did Miss Goldie know that Jack was in the jolly-boat?" Charley asked.

He had been told so before, but he wanted to hear more on the subject.

"Yes, of course, she did," said Reggie; "and she was always asking about everybody and everything belonging to it, and what sized boat it was, and what was in it; and I told her what fun we used to have on board the Daphne—you and I; and oh! have you heard about the legacy?"

Charley had heard about the legacy, he said, and did not seem as if he cared to hear any more on that subject just then.

"She was so disappointed and I was so vexed," he went on; "she couldn't help crying, though she tried to hide it."

"Crying about the legacy that was left to mother?" said Charley, with surprise.

"No; not that exactly. It was my fault; it was the way I told her. I said I had a fine piece of news for her, and that she would be so glad to hear it; and she thought I was going to say that the jolly-boat had come home; I am sure she did, for she was as red as a rose; and then when it came out that it was only about some money, she turned pale, and caught her breath as if she was going to be ill, or to faint, or something, and she ran away from me without saying a word. It was natural, you know, wasn't it? anybody else would have felt the same."

"Oh yes; it was quite natural," said Charley, softly; but he changed the subject immediately, resolving, no doubt, in his own mind, to return to it at a more convenient opportunity, when he and the commodore should be alone.

"We'll go and see Jack's mother to-morrow," he said; "you and I, Reggie."

"And very likely you will meet Miss Goldie there," said the boy. "It's Willow Grove where she lives; but there are no willows, and it's not a grove—only a lot of orange shops, and marine stores, and so on. Jack will be so glad to hear of Captain Chubb too. Yes, we must go to-morrow morning the first thing."

Mrs. Peterson looked as if she should hardly agree to that; she did not think that she could part with Charley again quite so soon.

"You can go alone, Reggie, and bring him here," she said. "I must see him and make friends with him, after all Charley has told me."

"Perhaps his mother won't let him come," said Reggie, slyly.

"That is quite likely," said the captain, who had been listening quietly to the conversation without taking much notice. "I must see him too as soon as I can, and hear what he has to tell me. You don't know where any of the others are that were with you in the boat? I think you said so?" he continued, turning to Charley.

"I don't know where they are now," he answered.

"They were all saved, however, but they shipped in other vessels; for they said their pay had ceased

from the moment their ship was lost, and their engagement with the owners was at an end; so they must look out for themselves. It was a wonderful thing that we all escaped; it seemed like only a few minutes between the time of the collision and the moment when the ship went down. Jack often talks about your ordering the carpenter not to cut away the masts when they were hanging over the side. Nobody else would have done it, he said, but you; but if the ship had righted she would have sunk at once. We all owe our lives to you, Captain Chubb, under God's providence."

"That's quite true," said Mrs. Carlton, in a low tone, with her eyes fixed upon her son. She drew Reggie to her as she spoke, and pressed him to her side.

"Talk about owing lives," said the captain, bluntly, "there's a good deal to be said about that. I owe mine to somebody."

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Peterson said; "and I should like very much to see Mr. Chalk some day, and tell him what I think about it."

"Yes," said the captain; "I don't forget Chalk; but I wasn't thinking of Chalk just then; nor of any other man, least of all a black."

There was silence for a few moments, everybody in the room understanding very well what the captain was referring to, but feeling that it was rather a delicate subject just then—anxious to say something, but not knowing how to say it.

"I am afraid there were a great many lives lost, after all," Captain Chubb went on. "That ship that ran into us must have perished with all hands. They would not have left us to the mercy of the waves if they had been afloat themselves. And yet who knows? They may have thought that we forsook them. If any of their crew escaped, they have, perhaps, been blaming us all this time for our want of humanity. I won't blame them, at all events, until I know more about them: and I am afraid that will never happen. It is difficult to make inquiries about a ship when you don't even know her name, nor what country she belonged to. I am afraid it's hopeless."

"I can tell you her name," said Charley; "but I don't know anything else about her. I wish I did."

"You can!" cried the captain, springing to his feet. "Tell me her name! How so?"

"We came across a boat crushed and bottom upwards the morning after the wreck. We thought at first it was one of the Daphne's boats; but on turning her over we found another name painted on her stern."

"What was it?"

"Santa Fé."

"Santa Fé!" cried the captain. "Santa Fé! If that ship is afloat still I'll find her. If there's a man of all her crew alive I'll find him. There's not much hope of it," he continued, more quietly; "but if she is anywhere above water I'll make her out. I know what to look for now. I've got the clue I wanted, and I'll make good use of it. Good-night; good-night."

The skipper started off, without further greeting, as if he were going in search of the delinquent vessel there and then. Reggie had to run in haste to fetch his hat, or he would have gone away without it. They called after him, but he did not heed them. They heard the door slam as he left the house, and his quick and eager footfall echoing down the street, and that was all.



ETON COLLEGE.

ETON has long since attained the proud distinction of ranking first among the great schools of England, but to Winchester belongs the honour of being the senior foundation. Indeed, it is to William of Wykeham's famous seminary that Eton, in the main, owes its existence. Henry VI, whose exemplary piety and devotion to learning earned for him the repute of being more fitted for the cloister than the court, conceived the idea, while a boy, of founding a school which should serve as a nursery for poor students for the University. His earnest zeal for the Church and solicitude for her welfare made him wish for an institution which should train scholars to her service from very boyhood. The idea was not altogether a new one. As early as 1179 it had been ordered by the Third Lateran Council that in every cathedral and principal religious house should be appointed and maintained a head teacher, or "scholastic," as was the term given to him, who, besides keeping a school of his own, should have authority over all other schools of the diocese. It has been computed that no fewer than five hundred of these cathedral and conventual schools were founded in England between the Conquest and the death of King John; and, besides these, there still existed many others that had been instituted in Saxon times. Such schools were principally intended for the instruction of persons preparing to make the Church their profession. Henry, therefore, had ample precedent for a part at least of the scheme which he proposed to carry into execution. Trained under his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, he had often visited that picturesque cathedral city, and had there been greatly impressed with the nobleness and usefulness of Wykeham's design. He had been at great pains to study its general plan and constitution, and finally resolved, as soon as he should attain the age when the government of his realms should devolve upon him, to set up under the walls of Windsor a college fashioned upon its model.

Early in the year 1440, at the age of eighteen, Henry began to execute his long-cherished plan. For the erection of the necessary buildings he provided funds from his own purse, himself appointing the architect, and exercising, as well, a sort of personal supervision over the men employed upon the works. As the building grew towards completion he framed a charter of foundation, and in the autumn of the same year the college was opened under the name of the King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor. By way of endowment the king gave a portion of his own demesne lands and the estates of some of the alien priories, which, as supreme lord of his land, he had recently assumed. And in order that the college should not lack scholars, and as an inducement to others to come, he caused thirty-five of the Winchester boys to be transferred to Eton. With them he sent their old schoolmaster, William of Waynflete

(a man of great learning and subsequently Lord Chancellor), whose eleven years' experience and success as "scholastic" of Winchester had suggested him to Henry as the fittest person to supervise his new school. Five fellows and four lay clerks emigrated along with Waynflete so as to complete the collegiate foundation. In the following year—namely, 1441—Henry founded King's College at Cambridge, which he affiliated to Eton, and thus his darling plan was consummated. The qualifications for the scholars of Eton were these (and it is to be noted that they follow very closely the qualifications framed by Wykeham for his scholars):—First of all, boys were to be admitted to Eton for the purpose of studying grammar. They were to be poor and in need of help; not less than eight or more than ten years of age, and not of servile birth or illegitimate. Next, candidates were to be chosen preferably from certain specified shires; afterwards, from elsewhere within the realm. Lastly, no boy was to remain at Eton after the age of eighteen, unless he had been placed on the roll of successors to King's College, Cambridge. Election to the University was, and still continues to be made annually. Shortly after the opening of his school Henry increased the number of foundation scholars to seventy, which is the minimum limit prescribed by recent statute.

If we except the college buildings—and, unfortunately, only a portion, too, of them—the foundation scholars (the King's Scholars, as they are named) are the last relics remaining to us of Henry's magnanimous scheme of education and philanthropy. It will be interesting before proceeding further briefly to point out what this scheme was in its entirety, and how it operated after his death. Poor boys were admitted into the school under the regulations mentioned. If they showed themselves diligent in study and apt to learn, they proceeded in due course to King's College, Cambridge. In time they became Fellows of that society, and generally, as vacancies occurred, and as the Eton endowments increased in value, returned to their *alma mater* as elected Fellows of the earlier foundation. The king had charitably joined an almshouse for old men to the Eton foundation: this was swept away in the reign of his successor. The secular priests who, under the charter, were retained for the daily service of the chapel, have long since been relegated to the things of the past. The Eton fellowships are in gradual process of extinction, the additional income accruing to the foundation from their abolition being applied to the general purposes of the school. The Foundation Scholarships alone remain, and these were never more sought after, nor were they ever held in higher estimation, than at the present time. Yearly about eleven vacancies occur among the King's Scholars. For these, from one to two hundred of the cleverest boys drawn from the pick of our private schools annually enter into competition.

Eton College is best known, however, to the world at large by the prestige she has attained through the great body of her scholars known as Oppidans. The King's boys are as but a drop to the volume of water compared in number to the Oppidans. Of King's Scholars, as we have seen, there are but seventy; of Oppidans there are now in the school eight hundred and sixty-eight. Henry had shown great sagacity by making provision in the school statutes for the admission of other scholars besides those elected to the foundation. He foresaw that a time might come when Eton College needed not only rich endowments to support her influence, but the favour and aid of the nobility as well. He therefore incorporated in the statutes a clause granting permission to the sons of noblemen and of powerful persons, special friends, or benefactors to the college, to be admitted to learn grammar, instruction in which could not be obtained, in his reign, so well or readily elsewhere. Many availed themselves of this indulgence. After the union of the houses of Lancaster and York, Oppidans began to flock into Eton and lodged themselves outside the college walls. At first they paid for their tuition by voluntary gifts to the masters. Custom in time changed this to a regular payment, which, as the college education became better known and appreciated, grew to be one of its settled sources of revenue. The Oppidans were only admitted to Eton, as it were, on sufferance. They derived no benefit whatever from the foundation, or its affiliation to King's College, Cambridge, paid for the instruction imparted to them, and made their own arrangements for bed and board. The King's Scholars were fed, lodged, instructed, and sent to the University at the sole cost of the foundation; the Oppidans paid, and, in course of time, came to pay well, for whatever indulgence was granted to them under the statutes. And so it is at this time. The school expenses of the King's Scholars are almost nominal; an Oppidan's amount in the aggregate to £150 per annum.

For the modern, and what may be termed personal, history of Eton College, we must visit Eton itself. We must seek for the traditions of the king's foundation among the venerable few remaining relics of Long Chamber and the fast disappearing reminiscences of Upper and Lower School. The reader must come with us across the bridge separating royal Windsor from the picturesque main thoroughfare skirting the college precincts, and stand at our side beneath the ancient college gateway. The quadrangle, after the fashion of the quadrangle of Wykeham's School, is in our front, overlooked by the very buildings which were erected under the watchful superintendence of the royal founder himself more than four hundred years ago. Overhead is Upper School sacred to so many memories which are now enshrined in the pages of England's own eventful story. A few steps onward, and we stand contemplating the smoke-blackened, time-worn statue of the youthful prince himself. Orb and sceptre in hand, emblems of his sovereign dignity, with the robes of state hanging loosely from his shoulders, and the king's crown upon his brow, he stands facing the school which his munificence caused to be erected, and his own estates endowed. "*Perenni memoris*," was the inscription at its base, "*pientissimi principis Henrici Sexti, Angliæ et Franciæ regis, Collegii Etonensis fundatoris municentissimi*." This memorial of his sin-

gular unselfishness as an English sovereign, and his devotion to peace, and to such of his subjects as loved "good learning," a former provost of Eton caused to be erected some century and a half ago. In the rear of the king's statue, overhung and picturesquely clustered with ivy and lichens, the growth, perhaps, of as many centuries as this part of the college building itself has stood, are the Fellows' Lodgings, pleasantly suggestive of that peacefulness and rest which men love to associate with the ending of lives well spent in God's service. To the right, hoary and erect, one of the most perfect existing architectural relics of the period of Henry the Sixth, stands the College Chapel, a venerable memorial of the days of the Provost of Eton who first preached in it, William of Waynflete. And to the left, forming one complete side of the spacious quadrangle, is Long Chamber, in the which the King's Scholars have been lodged, we had almost written, from time immemorial. Beneath this most interesting part of the college buildings is Lower School, which, together with the College Hall in the Fellows' quarter, completes our bird's-eye view of the original buildings of Henry's time.

In Long Chamber—albeit we shall find there but few landmarks remaining of its past history—we may obtain the best glimpse of Eton school-life. Modern requirements have compelled the governing body to alter the internal arrangements of the old dormitory; still, as we stand within it, a slight effort of the memory will recall something of its curious traditions. The chamber itself is about 180 feet long, not too lofty, plainly whitewashed as to ceiling and walls, the windows mullioned, and the floor of oak. On each side stood, within the memory of many living Etonians, a range of stout oaken bedsteads, the vestiges of which are preserved in the rude unpolished table standing over against the great fireplace. Between every bedstead was a high desk, with a cupboard under, for each boy. The modern luxuries of curtains and feather-bed were to the King's Scholars things utterly unknown. At half-past eight, winter and summer, the senior boys and their younger companions were "locked-up" in this dormitory till half-past seven the next morning. Of gas of course there was none, of candles but few. The leaf of a book doubled over, and a hole cut in the centre, did service for a boy's candlestick; and if lessons had to be learned over night, the candle was stuck by melted wax at the head of his oaken bedstead. Fagging in the days gone by (we write of twenty-five years ago) was fagging indeed. No proper surveillance was exercised by the masters, and a junior boy's life was well-nigh one of absolute misery—in this respect not greatly differing from the life of a junior boy at most of our great public schools a quarter of a century since, as the writer himself, in one case at least, can testify. The hardships of Long Chamber at one time were so well-known that parents were deterred from entering their sons for election to Eton. Still there was fun of a kind known even to the junior King's boys. They shared the dangers of foraging excursions to supplement the meagre fare of over-roasted mutton which custom had decreed as the unalterable daily principal meal of the King's Scholars. They took an active part in the nightly rat-hunts up and down the oaken floor. They themselves were promoted to be "faggers" in time, and tasted of those sweets of office which their youthful hearts had so long and earnestly yearned for. And

when, as seniors, they found their names placed on the roll for election to "King's," it was with a kindly feeling of reverence, not unmingled with affection for the place, that they took their leave of the cheerless and uncomfortable Long Chamber. Its pleasures and pastimes alone were remembered, its miseries forgotten. Even the great Richard Porson has left upon record that he ever cherished the remembrance of the excitement begotten of the rat-hunts in the old dormitory. And the Poet-Laureate himself has cele-

owners of those names themselves. And among them we find many

"— of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

It has been truly said, that the briefest notice of the Etonians of the eighteenth century alone would imply a biographical dictionary of half the distinguished persons in Church and State. How, then, can we hope to enumerate them in a brief paper of



ETON COLLEGE FROM THE RIVER.

brated in verse one of the doughtiest foraging exploits of its one time ill-fed tenants. But Long Chamber, with all its traditions, is now a thing of the past. The oaken bedsteads have given place to comfortable separate studies. Rats no longer infest the place. Fagging has become almost nominal. The daily dinner of over-cooked mutton has given place to the customary substantial and appetising joints. The marauding expeditions are no longer heard of. And the King's Scholars are now cared for, and properly supervised by a master specially appointed to look after their domestic welfare.

In the little passage leading from the quadrangle to the Library Yard (separating Lower School from the Chamber Breakfast Room), we may fitly pause to read the rudely chiselled names which tell of Eton's greatness. The careless visitor perchance will pass them by; to us they are intensely interesting, for they speak of men honourable in their generation, and of scholars whose memory Eton loves to keep green. On the polished oak panelling, above and below, on either side, are the names—to use an Eton boy's expression—"of fellows who got Kings." In other words, they are the roughly inscribed records of the King's Scholars who have been elected to King's College, Cambridge, from the year 1724 to the year 1844. In many instances the names were cut by

this kind? Among the King's Scholars we find enrolled the names of Bishops Fleetwood, Pearson, and Hare; Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, Earl Camden, Christopher Anstey (whose name figures on the oak panelling), and Sir William Draper; and, together with them, a whole host of well-known prelates, lawyers, and last, not least, Eton provosts and masters, the redoubtable Keate among the number, and Thackeray, Goodall, and Hawtrey. Foremost, of course, among the Oppidans stands Horace Walpole, who, after he had long ceased to be an Eton boy, loved to seek the hospitable shelter of the "Christopher," and send thence pleasant and gossipy letters concerning the college to his friends and whilom schoolfellows, the Montagus. Then we meet with the names of Robert Boyle, and Waller the poet, of the Earl of Chatham, and the two first Lord Lyttletons, of Gray, and that "miracle of talent," Sir James Macdonald, and of Charles James Fox, who while at Eton was troublesome and irregular in his habits, and much "more of a mutineer than a pupil." His father, it seems, would call for him and take him off for a trip to Paris and Spa, to the intense chagrin of the head-master. Charles James would presently return, overcome with foppery and French conceits; and on one occasion, it is satisfactory to be able to record as wholesome evidence of the

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independent spirit ever latent in Eton's head-masters, he was soundly flogged for exhibiting his foppish airs to Dr. Barnard. At the head of the list of celebrated living Etonians stands the name of the statesman and accomplished scholar, William Ewart Gladstone.

If we pass across the college quadrangle and enter the chapel for a moment we shall find there a memorial to the most elegant Latin scholar and devoted

the Great Duke—a shy and retiring boy, we are told—was at Eton shortly after Richard Colley Wellesley had left it. We have little information, however, handed down to us of his career as an Eton Oppidan.

The most interesting phase of Eton existence may be said to have commenced with the induction of Dr. Goodall as head-master in the first year of the present century. He was a man of considerable



THE QUADRANGLE, ETON COLLEGE.

pupil whom Eton can boast. He was at the college when the life at its best was but a rough one, whether to King's Scholars or Oppidans; but he has transmitted to generations of Etonians the grandest testimony of the unalloyed happiness of that life to himself. In Latin lines of exquisite beauty, which he composed, the Marquis Wellesley has recorded over his tomb the satisfaction with which he looked forward to resting in the sacred building in which, as an Eton boy, he had so often worshipped. The late Lord Derby translated these lines into verse of deep pathos, as beautiful as the original:

"Long lost on Fortune's wave I come to rest,
Eton, once more, on thy maternal breast.
On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,
To seek the purer lights of ancient days,
To love the simple paths of manly truth:—
These were thy lessons to my opening youth.
If on my later life some glory shine,
Some honours grace my name, the meed is thine.
My boyhood's nurse, my aged dust receive,
And one last tear of kind remembrance give."

The marquis's younger brother, Arthur Wellesley

learning, an accomplished gentleman overflowing with good-nature, and extremely popular with under-masters and pupils alike. Those were the days when George the Third was King, when young Etonians of birth held commissions as officers in his Majesty's Foot Guards, and when the head-master was able to report with pride that he had once "had the honour of flogging a major in his Majesty's service." It was a period of considerable licence. The rod and flogging-block were in constant requisition. Scholarship, except in isolated instances, was almost unknown. The King's Scholars were more ardent in netting rabbits by stealth and shooting hares on the royal demesne than painstaking in the pursuit of knowledge. Oppidans of means would drive tandem through the streets of Eton and Windsor, and revelry and punch-making at the "Christopher" too plentifully relieved the monotony of scholastic life. Rebellions were not altogether unheard of; and Eton School was degenerating into somewhat of a fashionable college of the University when Dr. Keate assumed the supreme power. The accomplished author of "Eothen" has given us a sketch of his character and person: "He was little more, if more at all, than five feet high, and was not very

great in girth, but within this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions." He wielded the rod with such magnificent vigour that "Keate's time" still remains one of the most memorable traditions of Eton. On a certain occasion the lower fifth form, one of the senior classes, rebelled against a disciplinary order of the doctor's. The class comprised some eighty boys. Keate waited quietly in Upper School until each boy was tucked snugly between the sheets, and then, summoning one or two of the masters to his aid, he sent them around to each boarding-house, and had the delinquents brought before him in relays of half-a-dozen, turn and turn about. The doctor flogged the whole eighty between ten and midnight! Keate earned for himself during his head-mastership the splendid reputation of having flogged half the secretaries of state, bishops, generals, and dukes of England of the present century. For all this his memory is still cherished, and, strict disciplinarian as he was, he was held in great esteem by the young scholars of Eton. We had the pleasure of unearthing a curious volume at the British Museum Library the other day which gives an admirable coloured illustration of the operation of flogging as practised by Dr. Keate at Eton half a century ago. The little doctor has his robes well-gathered around him, and, rod uplifted, is administering sound castigation to a victim kneeling at the flogging-block. A King's Scholar does duty as assistant executioner in arranging nice points of etiquette arising during the proceedings, and written at the foot of the picture, and set to appropriate and simple music, is the refrain,—

"Birch and green holly,
Birch and green holly,
If thou be'st beaten, boy,
Thank thine own folly."

With the advent of Dr. Hawtrey as head-master things very much changed for the better at Eton College, as well in matters of school discipline as of scholarship. Before his time the classical work was

very much limited to Homer, Horace, and Virgil, the classes were unwieldy, and instruction in modern languages and other essential educational requirements were comparatively unknown. The foundation, in 1829, of the "Newcastle Scholarship"—now the blue ribbon of Eton—completely changed for the better the system of education at the school. The collegers began to receive more individual attention in their studies, until at length they have come to be looked upon as the *élite* of the school. Indeed, the King's Scholars of Eton can now hold their own with the picked scholars of the best of our great schools, which was not the case a few years ago. The affiliation of King's College, Cambridge, to Eton is not now, it may be remarked, reckoned as a chief inducement to being elected to the foundation of Eton College, the King's boys preferring to enter into the general University competition for open scholarships to Balliol and other colleges, in which, it is satisfactory to know, they generally manage to hold their own.

If space permitted us to enlarge upon the topic, we might essay to point out improvements which might properly be introduced into the Oppidan system of Eton that allows such an inordinate amount of play to so small an amount of work. The King's Scholars, being for the most part the sons of gentlemen of moderate means, are impelled to study as the only possible way of reaching the goal of their ambition, which is the University. The Oppidans, being the sons of persons of wealth, have no direct inducement to earnest work; and, unfortunately, the Eton school system, which is utterly different from the system in vogue in any other great public school in the country, allows of their spending half their school-time in learning to become proficient in rowing and cricket. The boy of greatest consideration at Eton is the Captain of the Boats; next him comes the Captain of the Cricket Eleven; after the two ranks the Captain of the School. Surely a most untoward state of things in itself, and savouring greatly of unfairness, to use no stronger word, to parents.



THE UPPER SCHOOLROOM, ETON.

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SPANISH SKETCHES.

CHAPTER II.—THE CARNIVAL IN MADRID.

FOR some weeks things went on very quietly, and though there was a constant expectation of a "rising," still outward peace was maintained. I felt very nervous whenever my husband and I went out to dine, for we usually walked to the houses of those friends who lived near; and as we passed the bands of armed Republicans we sometimes came into closer contact with their guns than was pleasant, and it was always with a sense of relief that we found ourselves safe at home again. Still, as days and weeks passed without any disturbance, people began to venture out, and the city resumed something of its ordinary appearance. The carnival was at hand, the shops were thronged, and busy preparations for the *fête* seemed to have engrossed all minds. The dressmakers were fully employed in devising costumes and fancy dresses for this last burst of splendour before the sombre days of Lent began.

It was only on the third and last day of the carnival that my husband had time to take me out to see the show. It was a beautiful bright afternoon in the end of March when we sallied forth to the scene of action.

The Prado, whither our steps were bent, is to Madrid what Hyde Park is to London and the "Champs Elysées" to Paris. It is not so much a park as a broad long avenue, planted with trees, and adorned at intervals with fine stone fountains, surrounded by sculptured groups of allegorical figures. This avenue extends till it joins the "Paseos," or public walks, laid out with shrubs and trees and *parterres* of flowers, which form a kind of circle round a great part of the city, while at one side it is terminated by the magnificent portal that leads to the extensive grounds of the "Buen Retiro." The central part of this broad avenue, generally termed the "Salon del Prado," is the favourite place of resort. In the summer nights, when the burning sun has gone down, and the short twilight is succeeded by a clear, cool, starlit sky, the "Salon" is one vast moving mass of strollers—gentlemen with their cigars, elegantly dressed ladies with their fans and mantillas, citizens of all classes wandering up and down or lounging on the seats, listening to the bands of music or looking at the fireworks, parents with their little children asleep at their feet or playing beside them, for our English notion of early hours for infancy is quite scouted here. This kind of scene may be witnessed almost till dawn. In winter days, early in the afternoon, crowds come to the same resort to "take the sun," as they express it—that is, to enjoy the bright Madrid sunshine, which lasts during the best part of the day in winter. At all times of the year the central road of the Prado is gay with carriages and mounted riders. It was here, then, that we came to see something of the carnival gaieties.

Seats were placed all along the footpath on each side of the carriage road, for the use of which we had to pay a trifle. We secured capital front places, whence we had a good view of all that went on. The ladies, in their most brilliant gala costume, were

mostly in carriages talking to the masked figures that in various disguises were seated beside them or standing on the steps. There was not very much variety in the appearance of these last. Some were dressed as ladies of fashion with long trains, which they held up in the most graceful manner with the tips of their fingers. Others affected to represent Englishmen, of which the favourite type was something in the style of a country squire of generations back—a suit of shepherd's plaid, gills, plaid necktie, buff waistcoat, and high leggings, with an eyeglass, taking care at the same time to exaggerate the bluntness of manner attributed to our countrymen. I rather chafed at this caricature, but Dick only laughed.

"Poor fellows!" he said, "it only shows how little they know of Englishmen as they now are, if all they can do is to imitate our forefathers."

Just then a carriage passed in which were seated four ladies, two of them lovely girls of perhaps eighteen or twenty, attired in the last Paris fashion. One of them had bewitching dark eyes and blue-black hair, which was set off by the pink velvet dress and bonnet she wore; the other, more of a blonde type, with chestnut curls and hazel eyes, was dressed in sky-blue. A fifth stylish-looking young lady, in a brown velvet walking costume, was standing in a most unmistakably masculine attitude on the doorstep talking to them; both the gait and a suspicious trace of a moustache, which in spite of close shaving could not be obliterated, proclaimed one of the lords of creation.

"Who are they?" I asked of my husband.

"That dark young lady in the pink dress is the wife of a very wealthy and influential American," he replied; "and the one dressed in blue beside her is her step-daughter. That young lady swinging on the doorstep is Miss Irwin's lover, a Spaniard. The father has expressly forbidden her to have anything to do with him, as he is only a poor banker's clerk; but the naughty girl takes every opportunity of meeting him, and at carnival time it is an understood thing and a point of etiquette not to appear to recognise any one who is disguised; so that though Mr. Irwin, who is beside the carriage on horseback, in all probability knows who he is, he must not seem to notice him or send him away, for it would be an unpardonable breach of good manners. I hear that the fair maiden, in different disguises, has been Miss Irwin's constant companion for the last three days."

"I think," said I, "that the stepmother is far prettier than the daughter. What splendid eyes, and what a stately figure! how came she to marry a man old enough to be her father?"

"Well, considering that her only fortune was her beauty, I cannot think it very wonderful. He seems to be a very kind indulgent husband to her; however, you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself, as we shall meet them both at the British Embassy next week."

At this moment a large open van, filled with about twenty women, and decked with garlands of flowers, drove by; they were escorted by quite a bevy of gentlemen on horseback, who were talking and

laughing rather uproariously. The principal actresses of the town are so escorted every year.

But now the sound of trumpets and drums heralded a sight which drew the attention of all present, and the general excitement was great. Two persons, intended to personify the deposed king and queen, were the central figures in this spectacle. The late royal pair had often been ridiculed for their extreme simplicity of dress and absence of pomp. Amadeo had often been known to drive about with his wife and little children, with no attendant but their nurse, much to the disgust of the etiquette-loving Spaniards. The object of the present spectacle was to caricature and outdo this simplicity; and accordingly they appeared seated on donkeys, and the person who represented the late queen was dressed in shabby black, with a "pork-pie" hat and a thick veil which concealed the face completely; but in the figure and deportment there was really a considerable resemblance to Maria Victoria. The personator of Amadeo, however, could almost have been taken for the king's twin brother, so closely did he resemble him in appearance and manner. And, however truly one might sympathise with the ex-king, it was impossible not to join in the general laughter as his representative rode along on his humble steed, dressed in a plain tweed suit, bareheaded, and scrupulously bowing right and left, hat in hand, to the assembled multitude, in the cordial and courteous manner which characterised Amadeo. I have never been able to learn who were the personators of the late king and queen, but certainly it was capitally done, and the thing most worth seeing in the carnival.

We had intended returning before sunset, but meeting with some very pleasant friends, we were detained talking, and did not perceive the lapse of time till we were suddenly recalled to ourselves by an unusual amount of shouting and noise, which seemed to grow louder and louder every moment. At last we perceived that the crowds in the Prado had suddenly assumed the appearance of a compact moving mass, bearing rapidly in our direction. Before we had time to think, we were literally carried along with the crowd, without knowing where we were going, except that it was exactly in the opposite direction to where we lived. The shouts on all sides were so perfectly deafening, that at first it was impossible to form any clear idea of what had happened. Curses and oaths were all that reached our ears, except the distressed cries of the poor orange and chestnut sellers, whose stalls were upset in the confusion, and their contents scattered on the ground to become the prey of adventurous boys.

"Be calm, whatever happens," whispered Dick. "Probably it is a false alarm. Do you know what is the matter?" he asked a gentleman near us.

"I don't know," said the person addressed. "They say that the fighting has begun," said another.

Trembling and sick with terror, I clung to my husband's arm. "How shall we ever get back?" I cried. "We are so far away, we shall certainly be shot before we can get home."

"We will manage somehow," said Dick, reassuringly. "If this report is true, which I don't believe, we will try to get home by the unfrequented streets, and thus avoid the firing. The only difficulty I can see will be the getting into our own house, which is in such a central place. If we can't manage it, we must take refuge with Mr. Rivers, who lives near at hand, and in a less frequented position."

With comforting words of this kind, Dick somewhat assuaged my fears, and even managed to divert my attention by pointing out to me the scared appearance of the occupants of the carriages; the poor, terrified, bedizened groups, their merriment and light talk forgotten, and only bent on escape. The coachmen were driving madly and recklessly, but the horses needed no driving, it almost seemed as if they guessed something unusual had happened, so furiously were they galloping down the principal streets. The most ludicrous part of the scene was the sight of the masculine personators of ladies, who, forgetting their parts in their fright, strode along dragging their gay trains in the dust, while others clung nervously to the backs of the carriages. In a few minutes the carriage road of the Prado was cleared, and we foot-passengers had the whole place to ourselves.

This diversion facilitated our progress, and enabled us to break off from the main crowd and get into an unfrequented street; and before very long, and without any fresh adventure, we reached the door which led to our friend Mr. Rivers's apartment. Fortunately, he only lived on the second flat, so there was not a long ascent to make, and we were exceedingly thankful to be at rest and under shelter. Mrs. Rivers gave us a most cordial reception. She had not been in the Prado, and knew nothing of what had passed; but Mr. Rivers, who came in shortly after, explained the cause of the panic. It appeared that the cavalry, which had been ordered out on duty, had suddenly been sent back to their barracks, as their presence was supposed not to be required, and the people, who were ready to take alarm on the slightest provocation, seeing the troops retiring from the city and coming towards the Prado, at once concluded that fighting had begun.

In the course of our conversation the ridiculous caricature of the ex-king and queen was alluded to. "What a mean, contemptible thing it seems," said my husband, "to turn the banished pair into ridicule! Even if they had deserved blame, it would be a cowardly thing; but it seems there was nothing to reproach them with except their foreign birth."

"No just cause of reproach, certainly," said Mr. Rivers; "but perhaps the king acted too rashly in his sudden abdication. Do you know how it came about?"

We had heard no details, and he proceeded to relate the circumstances, which, as they are not generally known, I give here. His majesty had been out hunting all day, and when he arrived at his palace, sleepy and hungry, at about ten o'clock at night, he was greeted with the good news of the birth of a son, and was requested to appear in public without delay, to present the new-born infant to the ministers of State, according to the old Spanish law. The king was fatigued, longed for quiet and privacy for that evening, and wished to defer the ceremony till the next day. He was assured this was impossible, that it must be done that night without fail. The king persisted in his refusal and retired to his room, where he was again besieged by his ministers, and at last, either thoroughly provoked, or else desiring an excuse to do what he had been already meditating, he declared he had borne the yoke of royalty long enough, and would no longer submit to the bondage it entailed, but renounced at once and for ever a crown which had cost him nothing but sorrow and ill-will. And so he abdicated then and there.

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the custom of the country, and not to make a stand on such a trifle," I said.

"Perhaps so," rejoined my husband; "but, on the whole, I admire his independence; I think I should have done the same."

"The abdication would probably have taken place," said Mr. Rivers, "whether this incident had occurred or not; Amadeo had doubtless long felt that he was not in his place as king of a people who were unwilling to receive him and anxious to get rid of him."

"Do you think," I said, "that he was disliked from the first?"

"I believe so," said my husband; "they seem to have set themselves against him from the beginning, and, apparently, from no other cause but his being a foreigner."

"And the feeling extended to his wife," added Mrs. Rivers. "You were remarking, Mr. Smith, what a pity it was that the ladies in Madrid are adopting the Parisian bonnets in place of their own graceful mantillas. This was entirely done out of opposition to Doña Maria Victoria, who assumed the Spanish mantilla as soon as she came here. From a spirit of contradiction, the fashionable ladies at once abandoned their national dress and tried to look as Frenchified as possible. Everything the king or queen did was blamed."

"Yet Amadeo," remarked my husband, "took great pains to accommodate himself to the ways of his adopted country, and learned the language, which he spoke fluently—unlike our own two first Georges, who never learned English."

"It is curious," observed Mr. Rivers, "that the principal nations of Europe are ruled by sovereigns of foreign origin. This might have shown the Spaniards that the king of another nation is no very formidable evil, but they are not much addicted to the study of history in general."

"When it goes against their prejudices," said my husband, laughing, "they contrive very conveniently to forget it. I remember an intelligent, well-educated Spaniard, denying point-blank that Lord Peterborough had taken Monjuich; he thought it detracted from the glory of the famous fortress that it should ever have been taken by a foe. But it is late, and all seems quiet now; I think we can manage to reach our own apartments without molestation."

We accomplished this with greater ease than I had expected, and were not sorry to find ourselves in our own little home. And so ended, for us, the eventful carnival of 1873.

UTOPIAS, OR SCHEMES OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

IV.—ST. SIMON AND ST. SIMONISM.

IN the last paper we saw how the Revolution, although removing every vestige of feudal abuses, left the position of the people, nevertheless, materially unimproved. Subsequent events were no less unfavourable to the popular cause. Under Napoleon and the restored monarchy, the security of private property and freedom of trade encouraged, indeed, the accumulation of large savings and the gradual growth, in wealth and importance, of the

rising middle-class. But their prosperity only afforded a painful contrast to the prevalence of general penury around them. So far from helping, it rather hindered the progress in outward affluence among the working people.

The powerful impulse given to industry by the spread of economic science and the application of steam heightened the process of production and influenced a considerable number of people from the country districts, impoverished by extreme subdivision of land and the imposition of a heavy land-tax, to seek employment in the manufacturing towns. Over-population ensued, and with it a severe depression of wages, owing to the excessive competition of unemployed "hands." Left entirely at the mercy of their employers, the working classes, unable to cope with the difficulties of their new position, or to maintain their independence in the severe struggle for existence, found out that, after all, they had only changed one set of relentless taskmasters for another—the wealthy capitalist taking the place of the feudal lord—and that the rights procured by the Revolutionary struggle only amounted to a liberty of the rich to fleece the poor, and that under shelter of the abstract law of political, as distinguished from social, equality. A feeling of dissatisfaction and growing class-antagonism was the result of this state of things, and brought about, in a measure, the social movement which culminated in the Revolution of 1830. For, although that movement may be regarded as a victory of the rising Plutocracy,* over the Crown, it was the discontent and zeal of ignorance on the part of the Proletarians* which seconded the liberal opposition in their revolutionary attempt. The cry of the former was for political freedom; the demand of the latter—"work and bread!"†

Long before the outbreak of the Revolution, the sufferings of the people had been watched with keen sympathy by social reformers, whom we see rise once more on the surface, during this great crisis, to become, as on former occasions, the exponents of popular grievances and the propounders of schemes of social improvement.

St. Simon, who died five years before, and Fourier, who died seven years after the Revolution of July, are on this occasion the chief advocates of popular rights. Starting with the principle that "every man may be considered as a member of a company of workers," and that it is the object of society to extract from the earth the greatest amount of natural produce for the common happiness of man, they insist upon a more equitable distribution of work and enjoyment, and want to remove the existing distinction between producers and non-producers. They wish to make nature subservient to man instead of making one class of men subservient to another class of men, resulting in the subjection of the workers to the idlers of society.

Not satisfied with the fiction of personal liberty, they peremptorily demand a change in the social status of their clients. They are called "Socialists" because their proposals affect the well-being of the social body. They attach little or no importance to political reforms, but their chief aim is the removal

* *Plutocracy* is the term applied to the wealthy class of merchants and speculators; *Proletarians* are the labouring classes. These terms will be often used in our subsequent discussions, and play an important part in the history of modern social schemes of improvement.

† "Their distress had, towards the latter years of the Restoration, come to be such, that a convulsion of some sort was almost unavoidable."—Allison's "Hist. of Europe," 1815-1852, vol. iii. p. 575; lib. ed. of 1854.

of the gulf existing between rich and poor throughout the industrial system. They differ from Communists in not requiring perfect equality nor circumscribing individual liberty, and therefore in their schemes we shall not find the same eager desire of reducing all conditions of men to the same level of monotonous uniformity nor the same strict regulation of a central authority to carry out this plan of undeviating equalisation.

The horrors of the first Revolution had still a deterrent effect. It was felt, no doubt instinctively, that to renew the former proposals for equalising all mankind according to the societary principles of 1789, would be distasteful to the masses and arouse the suspicions of authority. A cautious middle-course was therefore suggested, so as to remove social abuses without upsetting entirely the arrangements or endangering the safety of existing society. The State was to regulate, according to St. Simon, the industrial process so as to prevent the evils of free competition. The king himself was to head the new association of industry. In this way, it was hoped, the independence of the working classes in their relations with the employers would be secured, together with a proper share in the produce of their own labour.

The later developments of St. Simonism, and the scheme proposed by Fourier, went far beyond this, as we shall see presently.

We must now give a brief account of the development of these societary schemes, which, after having gained a European notoriety during the first half of the present century, still exercise a powerfully fascinating influence even on the practical mind of social politicians and economists of a later date.

The Count of St. Simon, the progenitor of modern Socialists, was born in 1760 and died in 1825. He was a distinguished scion of the Aristocracy by birth, a child of the Democracy by sympathy, and a member of the Plutocracy for a short time, and to his own loss, when endeavouring to retrieve a fortune ruined by the Revolution in financial speculations of a hazardous character. His life was one of strange vicissitudes. As a youth, he served under Washington, like many French nobles of his day, in the War of American Independence. "But," he says, "my vocation was not to be a soldier; I was forced into a different kind of activity altogether. To study the march of the human mind, to perform my part in the progress of civilisation, that was the work I set myself to do." On his return he travelled in various countries of Europe, and endeavoured to gather further experiences in the great world of Paris, with a view to study human character as a preparation for remodelling society. Such was his strong belief in his mission of social reform, that he ordered his servant to call him every morning with the words, "Rise, M. le Comte, you have an important work to accomplish."

Like Bacon, he was a strong believer in the progress of humanity with the advancement of science. Like Campanella, he was at first inclined to put mankind under the government of an "intellectual magistracy," a "hierarchy of capacities,"* although later he seems to have preferred the election of the "chiefs of humanity" from the people and by the

people. Like Morelly, he expected a regeneration of society from the moral improvement of the race, although, unlike Morelly, he attaches much importance to the influence of rational religion.

By far the most valuable contribution to Socialistic literature is his historical criticism of social systems, past and present, resulting in the conviction that the history of man has been mainly the history of a series of conflicts between the workers of society and those who deprive them of the fruits of their labour—the privileged classes in olden times and the capitalists of a later period. He then proceeds to show how a due share in the enjoyment of political power and material prosperity must be restored to the industrial classes. He points out that in order to do this it is not enough to abolish the military and feudal ascendancy, but also the newly-acquired power of the moneyed *bourgeoisie** over the people. He was prosecuted for the publication of a pamphlet under the title "Parabole," in which he endeavours to show how France, by the death of three hundred of her leading artists and scholars, would suffer for a whole generation; whereas, by the loss of her upper three thousand, including persons of the highest rank in Church and State, as also some of the most wealthy members of the *bourgeoisie*, the heart of France, but not her general interests, would suffer. Hence he recognises only three classes in society—viz. (1), artists and scholars; (2) proprietors; (3) non-proprietors. The spiritual power he claimed for the *savants*, the temporal power for the proprietors, and the electoral power for appointing the chiefs of humanity he relegated to universal suffrage.

Though previously inclined to leave the chief power in the hands of the learned, he seemed more inclined, after mature deliberation, to place it into the hands of the industrial classes. The early dream of his life had been that industry and science should rule the world in the future in the same manner as in former times the spiritual and temporal power were wielded by the priests and nobles. But towards the close of his life he said that artists, sages, and the leaders of industry, having the same interests as the people, and belonging to the class of labourers, would naturally gain the predominance; all that was wanted, therefore, was the application of the principle—

"Everything for the people and by the people."

In the several reforms he proposed in three successive works ("L'Industrie," "L'Organisateur," and "Le Système Industriel," which appeared in 1818, 1819, 1820 respectively) he recommends, with more or less distinctness, the general principle of a new organisation of labour by means of a "Centralised Industrialism" to escape those dangers which bring about social convulsions. In one of these works he really demands no more than what, in modern phraseology, might be termed comprehensively co-partnership of the occupiers and owners of the soil, an extension of the county franchise, and greater facilities for the transfer of land, together with the establishment of public credit banks to aid struggling agriculturists in their endeavours to acquire a competency and independence. All these are moderate suggestions for legislative changes in favour of the cultivators of the soil. They have been recommended with all the force of calm reasoning by economists and moderate politicians in our own day.

* With a view to this he suggests that a subscription be opened at the tomb of Sir I. Newton, and that the subscribers be allowed to nominate the most eminent men of science, to be supported with the honour due to their dignity, by this voluntary "endowment of research."

* This term is applied for the first time to the middle classes by St. Simon, and since then it is used as a term to express the contempt for this section of society by socialistic authors generally.

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In another he addresses himself to the condition of the classes engaged in manufacture, and here his proposals are of a more chimerical character. The Utopian constitution he proposes requires a parliament consisting of three chambers. The first of these, the Chamber of Invention, exists for the purpose of discovering new means for enriching and new modes of amusing mankind. It has to watch over the interests of humanity, to provide the necessities of life for all by means of public works on a large scale, and to introduce public festivities for heightening the charm of life.

The second chamber, from the part of its duty consisting in criticising the projects of the first, is called the Chamber of Examination.

The ratification of the measures passed in both rests with the third chamber, which is the General Executive. It consists of the wealthiest members of the community, and is placed under royal patronage. For the main duty of government, St. Simon maintains, is by means of public works and popular education "to bring about an amelioration in the well-being, physical and moral, of the working classes."

In later publications ("The New Christianity" and "The Catechism of Working-men") he calls in religious enthusiasm to bring about these social changes. He wants Christianity, pure and primitive, without later accretions, in conjunction with science, to renovate society, mentally and morally. Without these he thinks social progress is impossible.

"Sire," he wrote to the king, "the fundamental principles of Christianity require men to regard each other as brothers, and to work together as best they can for their common welfare." "Religion," he remarks again, "ought to direct society towards the great end of ameliorating, as rapidly as possible, the condition of the most numerous and least wealthy class" in the community, *i.e.*, the working people.

The apostle of this new Christianity, the celebrated founder of modern Socialism, whose brilliant ideas enthralled some of the most cultivated men of the world in his own day, lived in the most abject condition of poverty whilst thus endeavouring to conduct humanity into new paths of social contentment. The descendant of Charlemagne, who had begun life with a yearly income of 500,000 francs, was compelled for a time to take a clerk's place, with a salary of 1,000 francs per annum, then to live in dependence on the bounty of an attached old servant, and when this trusted friend died to depend for the rest of his life on a small pension paid him by his own family to whom he had become reconciled at last. But, in the face of all these difficulties and vicissitudes, his belief in the higher destiny of humanity remained almost unshaken. Even in the midst of acute sufferings, bodily and mental, his trust in the final triumph of his principles was as firm as ever.

On his death-bed, surrounded by a small band of followers, he said to one of them: "You have arrived at an epoch when combined efforts will lead to a prodigious result. . . . The fruit is ripe; you have only to pluck it. . . . The latter part of my work, 'The New Christianity,' will not be understood at once. People have thought that every religious system must disappear because they have succeeded in proving Catholicism to be in a state of decay. This is a mistake. Religion cannot disappear from the world; it can only be transformed.

. . . Roderigues, do not forget this! Remember that to do grand things we must have enthusiasm.

. . . . All my life resolves itself into one great thought—to secure for all mankind the most unfettered development of their faculties." After a few moments of silence, breathing his last, he added: "Forty-eight hours after our second publication" (*i.e.*, of the newspaper published to promulgate his theory) "the union of working men will have been formed, *the future is ours!*"*

The work he left incomplete was readily taken up by his disciples. His earnest enthusiasm had roused the socialistic spirit of his followers. It remained for them to gather the scattered thoughts of the master, and to arrange them into systematic order. There were but a few positive directions to be found in the voluminous writings of St. Simon. His manner of teaching had been to throw out hints, and to give vent to forcible aphorisms in the manner of a grand seigneur as he was. He left the task to meaner minds of collecting his ideas and amplifying his statements, so as to elaborate them into a religious formula and a social code. His negative criticism had been complete, his positive proposals were left in an uncertain speculative haze, to be elucidated and transformed into a complete theory for the guidance of the St. Simonian Theocracy. The men were found for the task. Bazard became the head and *Enfantin* the heart of the movement, and these "joint pontiffs" of the St. Simonian "Church," of which St. Simon was regarded as the head, endeavoured to reproduce the written and oral teachings of the founder, the former theoretically, the latter practically, and so laid the foundation of their associative constitution.

Then was formed the "grand college," or school of St. Simon, with its affiliated branches. Henceforth universal association of labour was to take the place of the competitive struggle of isolated individuals which had been ruinous in its results. All were to join in united efforts to improve the condition of our common humanity, and thus the antagonistic workings of selfish interest would disappear. Inequality, they acknowledged, must be the basis of any human association, being an "indispensable condition of social order." Their programme, appearing on the first page of the "Globe," their organ, on the 18th January, 1831, was as follows:—

"RELIGION.

INDUSTRY.

"SCIENCE.

"UNIVERSAL ASSOCIATION.

"All social institutions must have for their end the moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of the largest and poorest class.

"All privileges of birth without exception are abolished.

"To every one according to his capacity, to every capacity according to work done."

Henceforth the labourers were no longer to be degraded by poverty and misery, but to be elevated by the ennobling effects of sanctified labour and hallowed pleasure. Humanity has passed successively from cannibalism to slavery, from that to serfdom, from that to wages-labour. To complete the progress of the race, wages-labour must disappear, and the universal association of all, as labourers for society, must take its place under the guidance of the high-priests of humanity.

Speeches were delivered, newspapers and pamphlets were printed, in the metropolis as well as in the

* That this sentiment still prevails among modern Socialists, may be deduced from the fact that the newest and most scientific socialistic periodical in Germany calls itself "The Future" ("Die Zukunft").

provinces, societies were formed to carry out the St. Simonian theories, and the number of followers grew rapidly and disseminated their social ideas far and wide. Scholars, business men of undoubted capacity, lent their names or sacrificed their substance to the cause. The established St. Simonian houses were thriving for a time. But presently the popular ardour cooled down. Internal dissensions and financial difficulties jeopardised the undertaking. The impractical nature of the society scheme became apparent as soon as it was subjected to the test of actual experience. To complete the failure, a rupture took place between the leaders. Enfantin, on the retirement of Bazard, indulged in lawless extravagances, which soon brought St. Simonism into discredit.

"With Enfantin," says M. Paul Janet, in a valuable contribution on this subject recently published, "commences the *crusade of Socialism against Capital*." The originally moderate proposals of the master had to give way to theories more tending towards Communism. Perhaps irritation, consequent upon failure, gave rise to the expression of more extreme opinions and the adoption of extreme measures. At all events, at this time the revolution contemplated by the St. Simonians as affecting property and the family assumes a more sweeping character.

Although, unlike some modern Socialists, they do not decree the abolition of property, they attack the right of inheritance. The State is to be a sort of general legatee. "All instruments of labour" (including capital, etc., property, in case of the owner's demise) "are to be formed into a social fund to be utilised by the association" (i.e., the community) "as directed by hierarchical appointment."

As to the family, man is to be regarded as a "social (unit or) individual"—i.e., only in his capacity as a member in the common brotherhood of which Enfantin is the father. The "emancipation of women," as understood by Enfantin, and the marriage bond, as interpreted by him in terms of sensuous mysticism, if not voluptuous indecency, strike at the root of a pure family life and destroy the sacredness of family relations.

These aberrations from the original path chalked out by St. Simon broke Bazard's heart, who died soon, and was buried by the side of his master. They also brought about the speedy dissolution of the St. Simonian Society. The theories of St. Simon and his school are nearly forgotten now, but their effects have survived, and some of them have proved beneficial indirectly. The organisation of public works under the second Empire, and the idea of popular loans, are to be credited to the influence of St. Simon and his followers. It was owing to St. Simon's scathing criticism that many social abuses have disappeared, and, on the other hand, many and fruitful ideas affecting social reforms owe their popularity to his genius and enthusiasm.

It is well known also that Napoleon III was much interested in the teachings of St. Simon, and that he endeavoured to carry out some of his schemes of raising the condition of the working classes, having granted an interview for that purpose to the aged Enfantin. The material improvement of the lower sections in French society during the second Empire may perhaps be attributed to the same cause.

But the influence of St. Simonism extends far beyond the country of its birth; for all the more recent schemes for social improvement, especially as regards the organisation of labour, are influenced, in

one form or another, by St. Simonism. Moreover, its immoderate demands for social reconstruction have paved the way for moderate reforms.

The culminating result to be expected from the triumphs of his own system was characterised by St. Simon as the substitution of work, by means of co-operation among the labourers, in the place of wages-labour. Now this, too, is the prospect held out by calm economists like Mill, Cairnes, Fawcett, and others in this country, whilst German economists go so far as to declare that we are living in a transitional period, during which wages-labour is being displaced by co-operation, and that this process of transformation is gradually, though almost imperceptibly, being accomplished. In this fact they hail the promise of settling peaceably the threatening conflict between capital and labour. The fact that he indulged in many chimerical fancies, which for a time led some of his followers astray from the straight path of human progress into by-paths of questionable and futile socialistic experiments, provokes pity rather than contempt.

It is the fashion with some opponents of Socialism to confound the followers of St. Simon with the atheistical socialistic agitators of a later period. Sometimes intentionally, at other times unwittingly, they represent them as a set of godless and immoral libertines. Whatever may be our sympathies or antipathies as to their opinions, it is but just to judge their belief and moral convictions by their own confession. Their religious creed is: "God is one, God is all that He is, everything is in Him, everything is by Him, everything is Himself." This may be pantheism, but it is not atheism. Their ethical code of social duty is contained in a few words forgotten at times by some of their critics: "Love one another."

Varieties.

BISMARCK, GUIZOT, AND THIERS.—Prince Bismarck, relates the "Strasburg Gazette," was once asked by Count Enzenberg, formerly Hessian envoy at Paris, to write something in his album. The page on which he had to write contained the autographs of Guizot and Thiers. The former had written—"I have learnt in my long life two rules of prudence. The first is to forgive much; the second is never to forget." Under this Thiers had said—"A little forgetting would not detract from the sincerity of the forgiveness." Bismarck added—"As for me, I have learnt to forget much and to ask to be forgiven much."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN CHINA.—Magazines will be a "power" in China soon. Periodical literature becomes every month more and more important in China, eclipsing in many cases tract distribution, and it is the duty of all men interested in the advancement of God's kingdom, and especially of tract and book societies, to look to this. The serial is always preferred to the small books.—Dr. Williamson, of Chefoo.

FOREIGN LOANS.—From a statement by Mr. G. W. Medley, a member of the Stock Exchange, it appears that within the last half-century the grand total of the loans issued in London, and taken up by British investors, is 614 millions, on only 282 millions of which have all the obligations been fulfilled. Of the remainder, 157 millions are in total default, yielding no interest, and repaying none of the principal; and 175 millions are in partial default, either through repudiations, conversions, taxation of coupons, or unfair capitalisations. This total does not represent the whole of the investments in foreign bonds within the time given, as none but the loans entirely issued here are included. It is startling to find that only about 46 per cent. of the investments yield at present to the subscribers all that was originally promised in the prospectus.